

"LITTLE SUNSET," CHARLES E. VAN LOAN'S SECOND BASEBALL STORY, BEGINS TODAY

EIGHT GOLFING STARS SHOW WAY ON COURSE AT ARONOMINK

Calvert, Williams, Ranier, Lindsay, Wright, Marshall, Bartholomew and Cleveland in Sunday Afternoon Sport—H. C. Huey's "50-in-1" Club Panacea—Gossip Among the Golfers.

A flock of birds hovered over the play in a halcyon yesterday at Aronomink... Calvert, Williams, Ranier, Lindsay, Wright, Marshall, Bartholomew and Cleveland in Sunday Afternoon Sport—H. C. Huey's "50-in-1" Club Panacea—Gossip Among the Golfers.

Harry Yardon feels that even if he were to weed out his battery of clubs and were to use but the very best, he would stand a chance unless he took to the woods... Calvert, Williams, Ranier, Lindsay, Wright, Marshall, Bartholomew and Cleveland in Sunday Afternoon Sport—H. C. Huey's "50-in-1" Club Panacea—Gossip Among the Golfers.

James B. Hackney, golf theorist and professional at Aronomink, not only has at his disposal a fine collection of clubs, but he also can shake down a few... Calvert, Williams, Ranier, Lindsay, Wright, Marshall, Bartholomew and Cleveland in Sunday Afternoon Sport—H. C. Huey's "50-in-1" Club Panacea—Gossip Among the Golfers.

More than 300 yards were added to the Huntington Valley course this year in preparation for the Lynx... Calvert, Williams, Ranier, Lindsay, Wright, Marshall, Bartholomew and Cleveland in Sunday Afternoon Sport—H. C. Huey's "50-in-1" Club Panacea—Gossip Among the Golfers.

THE MIRACLE OF BOSTON BRAVES

By GRANTLAND RICE The Blue Jubilee (Evoked by thoughts at New Haven in the graduation of Charley Brickley...)

Somehow the grass seems greener And the sky a brighter blue; Somehow all life is keener With a dream that's overdue; For though the sun is sleeping Of a million in its view, And though the eagle's sleeping In the shadow of the foe, That pain is these to sever The gods dream on the steep; Since Brickley's passed forever, And Hardwick's time is done.

Wouldn't You? George Stallings tells us that he will lead this 1915 pennant to a certainty, and he believes him. For he told us last summer he was going to win the 1914 title, and last October that his club would beat the Mackays four straight games.

The French Red Book If you want you Taurus Raymond Cobb is in there 10 ways; That Fria, the mighty Bostonian, is full of personal plays; And none is stronger than myself for laughing Larry Doyle; What's hitting great according to the records—and to Hoyle; I feel it's H. Wagner and the things that he has done;

golfers probably can take pot shots in vain for some time to come—maybe until Jerry himself comes back and sets up a new mark. Many hazards also have been added this year. A wicked one has been invented into the home green. It is on the left running diagonally and is designed to catch erring drives. All reports are that it is doing its duty.

There is a spring attached to the elbow of every golfer as he putts. In the case of the expert who feels annoyed if his score measures out of the 70s, the spring is attached to his motor neurons and his kinesthetic nerves are well greased. His good putting is due to his sense of touch in other words, and if he pulls off an extra good putt he is said to be suffering from kinesthesia.

A local golfer, who has an airy unlimited handicap and boasts of it, evened things up with an opponent the other day on the seventh green over the Huntington Valley course. He had done the first four holes impartially in seven and was three down. But he took the next three in par. Crossing the road for the eighth, there was a noticeable slight hysterical run in his laughter and a dominating tone in his commands to his caddy which betray all golfers who have been underrated and who feel that they are coming into their own.

Jerry Travers is said not to have swung on a ball and missed or taken up the soil behind a ball for the first time in the days when he used to play around in his backyard and holed out his ball by hitting a tree. Many duffers who swing on the ball and fracture a rib without touching the thing are said to be slightly envious of Travers' little weakness in being able to get off a straight ball and true about every time he tries his hand.

THREE BOXING CARDS BILLED HERE TONIGHT

QUAKER CITY, Broadway and Garden Clubs Will Stage Bouts—Other Ring Notes. Weekly shows at the Quaker City A. A. and Garden A. C. and a special star at the Broadway A. C. tonight will give local fight fans a pick of three pugilistic performances.

QUAKER CITY. First bout—Jimmy Patton, Vinland, N. J., vs. Frankie Dundee, Kensington. Second bout—Marty Wilson, West Philadelphia, vs. Young Gaffney, Germantown. Third bout—Noah Mitchell, North Penn., vs. Young Miller, New York. Fourth bout—Willie Costello, North Penn., vs. Sammy Miller, Kensington. Fifth bout—Ed Browning, North Penn., vs. Charley Collins, North Penn. Sixth bout—Joe Bailey, Nicotown, vs. Bobby Scanlon, Germantown.

GARDEN. First bout—Joe Mitchell, Richmond, vs. Johnny Hart, Quiffon Heights. Second bout—Mickey Dalley, Kensington, vs. Bobby Miller, Nicotown. Third bout—Fredy Goodman, Southwark, vs. Marty Kane, Kensington. Fourth bout—Frankie Hart, 17th Ward, vs. Knickerbocker, 18th Ward. Fifth bout—Jack Toland, Southwark, vs. Reddy Holt, North Penn. BROADWAY. First bout—Young Joe, Welsh, Southwark, vs. Reddy Holt, North Penn. Second bout—Young Wagner, Southwark, vs. Joe Douglas, Southwark. Third bout—Tony Fritted, Smoky Hollow, vs. Jack Carlin, Grey. Fourth bout—Eddie McKee, U. S. Navy, vs. Joe Brock, Southwark. Fifth bout—Henry Johnson, Lombard street, vs. Kentucky Rosebud, Lombard street. Tomorrow night at the Atlas A. A., Houton, Sam Langford and Sam McVay will clash in a 12-round bout. Willie Hornum and Henry Hauber will compose the final at the Broadway A. C. Thursday night. A return match between Bobby McLean and Young Tuber also will be staged. Because of a turned ankle, George Chaney, of Baltimore, may be unable to box for six months. Frankie Howell and Bobby Hays will meet in the semifinal at the Lottor A. C. next Friday night.



BIG YACHT IROLITA WINS AT MARBLEHEAD

E. D. Clark, of Philadelphia, Elated at Success of His Craft in Eastern Y. C. Race.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., June 28.—The big yacht Irolita, owned by E. D. Clark, of Philadelphia, was the first to cross the finish line in the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New London to Marblehead. A good start was made from New London Saturday morning and it was expected the boats would make Marblehead by Sunday afternoon, but they struck only the lightest sort of winds rounding the cape. The fleet sailed in about 10 o'clock today.

ENGLISH WANT RACING Petition Presented to House of Commons for Approval

LONDON, June 28.—A monster petition has been presented in the House of Commons by Colonel Hall Walker, the well-known racehorse owner, signed by thousands of owners, trainers, jockeys and others interested in the sport, asking for a reconsideration of the Government's decision regarding further race meetings, with the exception of those to be held at Newmarket. All affected are very hopeful that a let-up will be permitted during next month, and already preparations are being made to hold the big meetings at Newbury.

HAS SIGNED TO COACH PENN STATE ELEVEN

LARRY A. WHITNEY Dartmouth's great athlete has signed to coach the Penn State football team next year. Athletic followers wondered why he was not selected to represent the East at the Panama-Pacific Exposition championships, as he qualified Saturday at Boston. He automatically suspended himself when he signed the football contract.

PENN STATE ELEVEN TO BE COACHED BY ATHLETE L. A. WHITNEY

Dartmouth's Famous Shot-putter to Head 1916 Contingent, According to Information Received Here Today.

Larry A. Whitney, the Dartmouth athlete who won the intercollegiate shot-putting championship on Franklin Field last year, according to information received here today, has signed to coach the Penn State football team next year. According to the report, Whitney signed the contract Saturday, and will be unable to compete in the Panama-Pacific championships, as he automatically becomes a professional by strict interpretation of the Amateur Athletic Union laws. At the Eastern tryouts at Boston Saturday, Whitney qualified to take the trip to the coast next month, but was not selected. Whitney is perhaps the most remarkable shot-putter in the country. Despite the fact that he weighed just about half as much as Ralph Rose and Pat McDonald at the Olympic Games at Stockholm, three years ago, Larry stuck with the giants and finished a good third.

LANDIS PROMISES BASEBALL DECISION

Federal Judge to Hand Down Decision in Federal Suit at Early Date.

CHICAGO, June 28.—Federal Judge Landis today promised an early decision in the big baseball suit of the Federal League against organized baseball. In refusing to act at once on a petition of A. E. Gates, representing the Federal St. Louis Club, to have dissolved a temporary injunction granted the Cincinnati National League Club restraining Armando Marsani from playing with the St. Louis club, Judge Landis said: "The court prefers not to act on this petition now. It will be dealt with in an early decision in another case. Settlement of this other case should dispose of the issue at point today."

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE. Chicago 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. AMERICAN LEAGUE. Chicago 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. FEDERAL LEAGUE. St. Louis 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

SPORTING WRITERS ARRANGE AN OUTING

First Affair in History of Organization is to Take Place July 11.

Members of the Sporting Writers' Association will hold their first outing in their history July 11, at the Hollick Club, Morris Junction on the Delaware. Invitation has been extended to the members to bring their wives and children along, while others are urged to bring their best girl along. No charge will be made for the members, but a charge of \$2 will be made for the women and children. The outing is to be a first-class affair. There will be a baseball game and other athletic stunts for the men, and prizes will be awarded in the various events. Musicians will be present to furnish the liveliest dance selections. There will be a prize awarded the most graceful dancer. Alexander H. Brooks and Samuel Jones will see that the awards are made properly. Supper will be served at 5 o'clock so that an early return to the city can be made. Morris Junction is 13 minutes ride from Camden, and the round trip fare is 25 cents. It is cheaper to purchase tickets at Camden than on the Philadelphia side. A 10-strike ticket may be bought for \$1.35.

Atlas Nine Wins

The Atlas boys club defeated the Alpine A. C. by a score of 13 to 8. The feature of the game was the pitching of Hoelzel, who fanned 18 men.

When John Wesley was two years old his father was still "pounding brass" in the same office at the same salary and beginning to realize that raising a family on \$15 a month was not the simplest problem in the world. His father played baseball for the love of the game, but nobody ever thought of offering him any money for his services. Wesley never thought of asking for any money in a baseball suit after his uncle, who had been a Methodist minister.

PITCHES NO-HIT GAME

MADISON, Wis., June 28.—Archie Mucka, Wisconsin's giant weight man, threw the record in the district throw in practice at Camp Randall, when he batted the missile 157 feet. The record was made by J. Duncan, of Long Island, N. Y., in 1913, when he threw the weight 145 feet 8 inches. The Mucka mark will not count as a record, as it was not established in competition.

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"LITTLE SUNSET"

A Sorrel-Topped Youngster Enters the Ball Camp of the Apaches To Watch "Dad" Play Ball—A Bawling Brat, Maybe, But the Apaches Didn't Raise a Kick.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN The world's most famous writer of baseball fiction.

(A NOVELETTE.) THE Apaches could play baseball, five tallered pennants bearing witness. They could also play stud and draw poker, as visiting intimates discovered. As crap shooters, they were more to be feared than "faded." In any sort of rough-and-tumble fighting they could protect themselves, but when it came to mothering a small boy who was just losing his baby teeth, the Apaches fell down and fell hard. Of course, they did the best they knew how—which was not much—and consequently John Wesley Jones, aged something under 10 years, knew everything which a boy of his age should not know, including the taste of pig tobacco.

Women might have pined him, but John Wesley scorned their pity. He would not have changed places with the son of the President of the United States, for that young man, despite his relationship with greatness, on the chess set on the bench next to Gus Bergstrom and fondle the bats with which the Terrible Swede broke up so many games. John Wesley Jones entered the big league when he was 3 years of age. The manager of the Apaches had bought a red-headed sensation in the shape of a shortstop, and when "Briek" Jones reported for spring practice he brought with him a scrubbed, flame-topped youngster whose clothes bore evidence of fumbling masculine fingers. "What's going to do with the kid?" asked Pete Carr, the Apache team captain.

"Going to take him with me," answered the recruit shortly. "Bad stuff," said Carr. "Think of the night jumps and the traveling you're going up against. It would be a whole lot better if you could send him to some good school for kids—admission, maybe." "The new infielder stoned," "See here," said he. "That avium thing runs for your kids maybe; not for mine. I said the kid stinks with me, and that goes if you don't like it, say so. I know plenty of longies where they'd be glad to have us both." "Oh, all right, all right!" said Carr hastily. "I was just thinking about the inconvenience of it, that was all. No objection none in the least!" "That but that Jones is touchy about that kid of his," said Carr to "Gibraltar" Jordan, the left fielder. "Jumped all over me for just suggesting that he better leave the kid somewhere during the playing season."

"Huh!" said Gibraltar. "These bushers seem to think that this is a sort of infant class on the side. Where's the kid's mother?" "Died last season," said Carr. "And say, Jordan, old haws, better not let that redhead hear you call him a busher. He doesn't start often, but when he does all waterweights better get outside the ropes." "Wonder why he's so stuck on lugging a squalling brat around with him all the time?" asked Jordan. "Gibraltar kept on wondering for Briek Jones never told. Had he done so it might have been made easier for him at the beginning, for ball players, in spite of a rough exterior, are sympathetic and Briek Jones' little tale story would have touched a soft spot. Three years before Jones, Junior, entered this vale of tears, Briek Jones was a telegraph operator in a small Western town. The railroad men had a baseball team which had beaten everything within a radius of 100 miles, and one day, in fielding practice before an important game, "Jodie" Knight, the star, broke a finger. The quiet, red-headed operator climbed out of the grand stand and volunteered to take Knight's place. Jones played such a phenomenal game that the railroad men were amazed, and thereafter Jodie went to the outfield. "Myself," said the yard foreman, who was also the team captain, "where did you get that name?" "Always knew how, I guess," said Jones. "I played some at school." Soon afterward Jonesey's pay was increased to \$75 a month, which, in some towns, used to be a great deal of money. Naturally the young man's thoughts lightly turned to the slender little brunette who waited upon the table in the railway eating house.

She was a nice little girl, who did not appreciate duty and impolite traveling men. So, when Jonesey cleared his throat and broke a finger, she said, "Oh, Charlie," and hid her face upon his shoulder. They were married at the Methodist parsonage, and the couple settled down to housekeeping at \$2 a month, strong in the mistaken belief that two can live as cheaply as one. In time there arrived the third member of the family, a tiny, red-faced child, miter with a silver tuft, instead of hair, and the voice and lungs of an auctioneer. The mother named him John Wesley, after her uncle, who had been a Methodist minister. When John Wesley was two years old his father was still "pounding brass" in the same office at the same salary and beginning to realize that raising a family on \$15 a month was not the simplest problem in the world. His father played baseball for the love of the game, but nobody ever thought of offering him any money for his services. Wesley never thought of asking for any money in a baseball suit after his uncle, who had been a Methodist minister.

"What's a fair question," asked the stranger. "What does this wire-ticking job pay you?" "What's it to you?" asked Jonesey. "Nothing to me," said the man, "but unless I'm very much mistaken, it's something to you. Do you always play ball like you did this afternoon?" "Why—yes," said Jonesey, slightly puzzled. "Pretty much the same. Sometimes I hit a little better." "How would you like to play professional ball?" asked the man. "What's there in it?" asked Jonesey. "I can get you \$15 a month. I'm looking for a shortstop for the Eureka Club. Your expenses on the road will be paid, and the season lasts eight months. How does that listen to you?" "Can I get by with it?" asked Jonesey. "Get by?" repeated the man. "Like a runaway freight train?" "Put that offer in writing," said Jonesey. "It's no better than that," said the man. "I'll ask the manager of the Eureka team to wire you some expense money and tell you what to report." "Get by?" repeated the man. "Like a runaway freight train?" "Put that offer in writing," said Jonesey. "It's no better than that," said the man. "I'll ask the manager of the Eureka team to wire you some expense money and tell you what to report." "Get by?" repeated the man. "Like a runaway freight train?" "Put that offer in writing," said Jonesey. "It's no better than that," said the man. "I'll ask the manager of the Eureka team to wire you some expense money and tell you what to report."

five dollars a month for playing baseball! It couldn't be true. But the next morning he received a message from the Eureka manager instructing him to report in 10 days and informing him that the local agent of the express company had been authorized to pay him \$25 for expenses. Mrs. Jones cried a little when Jonesey told her that they were going to quit his job. In her heart she had always felt that baseball was not quite respectable. "But think," said Jonesey. "I'll have all my mornings and nights at home with you and the kid!" So Mrs. Jones tried her eyes and set about packing their small belongings. The members of the railway team gave Jonesey a farewell banquet in the railway eating house, with two kinds of wine on the table, and the next day Jonesey stood on the rear platform of No. 3 and watched the old train fade out of sight. Jonesey made good. Having discovered that there was money to be made out of baseball, he set himself to learn the finer points of the game, and the manager of the Eureka went about taping himself on the chest and taking credit for discovering the most promising of the season's recruits. At the end of his second year in the Sagebrush League, the American Association coveted Infielder Jones to the extent of \$25 a month. Mrs. Jones shed some more tears, packed up a second time, and bought some patent-leather pumps for John Wesley.

There was no sagebrush in Jonesey's hair when he joined his new club, and by midseason every one knew that Briek Jones had signed his last minor league contract. Late that year the Apaches bought him outright, and his new contract called for \$500 for the season. Mrs. Jones went to a special dinner in honor of the fact that her son had become a professional baseball player. Jonesey started off on his last trip around the American Association circuit, in two weeks he was recalled by a telegram from a physician: "Your wife dangerously ill. Come at once." At the end of the sixth day the doctor came out of the dining room and touched Jones on the shoulder. "She wants to see you," he said. "Doc," said Jonesey, "you don't think 't'ain't 'as bad as that?" "We can always hope," said the doctor. "You mustn't excite her, remember." Jonesey went in and sat down on the side of the bed, taking the thin white hand in his own brown paw. "Well, little girl," he said. "Charlie dear," said the sick woman. "It's about the boy. You're going away off East—among strangers. You mustn't send Johnny to an asylum. I couldn't bear that. I want you to promise me that you'll take Johnny with you—wherever you go." Jonesey slipped to his knees, his face hidden in the bed coverlet. "Don't talk like that!" he begged. "You mustn't give up! Why, what would I do?" The white hand found his bowed head, and began to stroke the tangled red mop. "You haven't promised," whispered the voice. Jonesey promised. "Wherever you go—for always and always," repeated the woman. "Now, I want to see Johnny," he said. Mrs. Jones died that night, and three days after the funeral Jonesey was back at his position in the infield, and there sat on the bench with the team a grave, solemn-eyed, round-faced little fellow, in whom all the players were very kind. Some of them promised me that you'll take Johnny with you—wherever you go. Jonesey slipped to his knees, his face hidden in the bed coverlet. "Don't talk like that!" he begged. "You mustn't give up! Why, what would I do?" The white hand found his bowed head, and began to stroke the tangled red mop. "You haven't promised," whispered the voice. Jonesey promised. "Wherever you go—for always and always," repeated the woman. "Now, I want to see Johnny," he said. Mrs. Jones died that night, and three days after the funeral Jonesey was back at his position in the infield, and there sat on the bench with the team a grave, solemn-eyed, round-faced little fellow, in whom all the players were very kind. Some of them promised me that you'll take Johnny with you—wherever you go.

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Table with columns for Major League and National League statistics, including teams like Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Washington, and New York.